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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A PSALM OF TRUST.

I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill;
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of my own:
The higher power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

—F. L. Hosmer.

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

God does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back—the odor, grace and hue,
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
Nothing is lost, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So, after the death winter, will it be;
God will not put strange sights in heavenly places;
The old love will look out from the old faces;
Veilchen, I shall have thee!

—JOHN W. CHADWICK.

MORE RACE PREJUDICE AND ITS CONSEQUENT FOOLISHNESS.

One would suppose that in the classic city of Berkeley there could not be found many people who would object to a japanese as a neighbor when his house and all its surroundings were as elegant and as void of offense as those of any one else in his neighborhood. Probably there are not many who have such race prejudice and pride. But it is evident that a few such have been found, and they foolishly talk of changing their places of residence because Mr. Shima, the Japanese potato magnate of one of our rich valleys, has bought residence property in their immediate neighborhood.

We venture the assertion that to all right-minded well-intentioned people he would be found less objectionable as a neighbor than one half of the English-speaking population would be. The present writer has during the last thirty years lived next door to people a great deal more objectionable than this Japanese can be to any but prejudiced people. There is talk of a meeting "to discuss ways and means to prevent the coming of Shina." If such a meeting is called it is to be hoped that enough sober sensible citizens will go in to give these hysterical citizens a realization of their foolshness.

Better things than are indicatetd by this flurry of excitement are to be expected from a city such as Berkeley is.

The people of California must change in their attitude toward and treatment of the Japanese or they will precipitate a war.

United States Senator Root, recently Secretary of War, said last week in an address at a meeting of the Peace Society of the City of New York:

"War comes today as the result either of actual or threatened wrong by one country to another. The feeling between the peoples of different countries are the products of acts and the words of the peoples of the countries themselves, not of their governments. Insult, contemptuous treatment, bad manners, arrogant and provincial assertion of superiority is the chief cause of war today. And in this country of ours we are far from free of being guilty of those causes of war. The gentlemen who introduced into the legislatures of California, Montana and Nevada the legislation regarding the treatment of the Japanese in those states doubtless had no conception of the fact that they were doing to that great nation of gentlemen, of soldiers, of scholars and scientists—a nation worthy of challenging and receiving the respect, the honor and the homage of mankind—an injury by an insult that would bring on private war in any private relation in our own country.'

COUNTY OPTION STANDS IN INDIANA.

A most determined fight was made in the Indiana legislature against the county option law which was enacted at a special session of the legislature called by Governor Hanley only a short time before his term of office expired.

A few weeks ago the lower house by a small majority passed a bill which substituted precinct option for county option. But last week the senate by a vote of twenty-six to twenty-three defeated that measure and sustained the county option law. Two of the Republican senators voted for the repeal of the county option law and two Democrats voted to sustain it.

It is a great victory, all things considered. The Democratic party in its platform last year favored precinct option as against county option, and carried the election. And as a consequence the repeal of the county option law was confidently expected. To this end the brewery forces not only of Indiana but of many other states were directed. But they failed, and Indiana stands now alongside of Ohio with a temperance law which promises to wipe out the saloons in four fifths of the counties of the state within the next two years.

Nearly two thirds of the counties in Ohio are dry now, and a big list has already been rolled up in Indiana.

California will join the procession some time—for there is a procession—and our long line of saloons that are now sapping the life of the state will begin to lessen and gradually disappear. It is impossible for us to believe that a business so damnable can be allowed to stand many years more.

The First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, has called the Rev. Dr. Goodspeed who has supplied the pulpit since his engagement with the First Congregational Church ended on the return of Mr. Brown. The call was unanimous and hearty, and there is no doubt of its acceptance by Dr. Goodspeed who has gone East for a short time.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

July the 10th, 1909, will be the 400th anniversary of the birth of John Calvin.

The Y. M. C. A. in Washington, D. C., has increased in ten years from 164 members to 5000.

Andrew Carnegie gave $500,000 toward the $1,000,000 endowment for the University of Arizona.

The University of Pennsylvania has received a gift $200,000 for the establishing of a department of medical research.

Two thirds of the 1,663 persons received into the First Methodist Church of Tacoma during the last nine years came in by letter.

The Haskell lectures at Oberlin are to be given this year by Professor G. L. Moore of Harvard. They will be on comparative religion.

Among the 7,000,000 inhabitants of Belgium, Protestantism counts less than 40,000. Of these a large number are foreigners found mostly in Brussels and Antwerp.

Three hundred persons were received into Calvary Methodist Church, New York City, at one communion recently, making the total membership 3000, the largest in the denomination.

The coeducational system is to be abolished at Wesleyan University, Middleton, Connecticut. This institution, the oldest of Methodist colleges, was founded in 1831 and has been coeducational for 30 years.

A bread line before a church in Cincinnati a few weeks ago contained 335 men and women representing a large number of trades and professions. There were 68 common laborers, 26 teamsters, 12 painters, 10 machinists and nine bookkeepers.

It is possible to ride even in the pay-as-you-enter cars without paying, according to the experience of a New York man. As he boarded the car and started to push his way inside the conductor put out a restraining hand. "Pay your fare before you enter, please," said the conductor. The passenger stared at him in apparent amazement. "What do you mean by making such a demand of me?" exclaimed the man. "It's an insult. Do I look like the sort of a person to try to beat my way?" "I can't say that you do, sir," returned the conductor, "but all sorts of people try it. That hasn't anything to do with this case, however. It's a rule of the company." Meanwhile the car had progressed several blocks, and it now stopped to take on several new passengers. The man stood aside while they paid their fares and entered. The car proceeded. "Well, that's the most fool rule I ever heard of," he declared. He made no move to pay his own fare, however. "The question is," said the conductor, who was growing impatient, "are you going to pay your fare or get off." "O, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the passenger, who thereupon began feeling in his pockets for the change. The car stopped again, and some more passengers got on while he stepped politely aside to let them pass. "I don't seem to have any small change," he ejaculated. "Just wait a minute," he added, "I've got it now." He drew a large pocket-book from his pocket and extracted a ten-dollar bill. "There," he exclaimed, "I'm sorry to keep you waiting so long." "That don't go here—you've got to give me something smaller than that or get off," said the conductor. "Will a five be all right?" "No, it won't be all right," shouted the exasperated conductor, pulling the bell rope. "This is where you get off." "I never heard of running a street railway in that way," remarked the passenger calmly as he prepared to alight. "You've carried me a block past my street as it is."

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, one of the world's most noted clergymen, died in Brooklyn, New York, on the 26th of February at the age of 87. From 1860 to 1890 he was pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church. His books on religious and ethical subjects have had wide popularity, and the articles he wrote for religious magazines and newspapers in this country and Europe are said to number more than 4,000. His first contribution was published in the New York Observer in 1847. During the next twelve years he contributed chiefly to the Presbyterian and the Christian Intelligencer. In 1860 he began to write for the Independent and for the Evangelist, and to the former he has contributed nearly five hundred articles, and to the latter 1528. Every religious paper at home and abroad has been glad to welcome his work. Six volumes of his contributions have been compiled and translated into Swedish, and two volumes have been transferred to the Dutch tongue. There is scarcely a language spoken which has not been used to reclothe Dr. Cuyler's thoughts. Among Dr. Cuyler's published volumes have been "Stray Arrows," "Cedar Christian," "The Empty Crib," "Wayside Springs," "Right to the Point," "Thought Hives," "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "Pointed Papers," "Heart Life," "From the Nile to Norway," his impressions of his travels in Europe and Egypt; "Newly Enlisted," "The Young Preacher," "How to Be a Pastor," "Beulah-Land," "Help and Good Cheer," "Recollections of a Long Life." He was the author of two celebrated temperance tracts, entitled "Somebody's Son" and "His Own Daughter," the former of which had a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. Dr. Cuyler was born in Aurora, N. Y., January 10, 1822. His ancestry was dutch on one side and Huguenot on the other. He was licensed to preach in 1846 after graduation from Princeton Theological Seminary. Among the friends of his lifetime were Thomas Carlyle, Dwight L. Moody, William E. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher, and practically all the great thinkers of the last two generations.

A San Franciscan who signs himself "Observer" gives the following reasons for Asiatic labor and the need for it in California: "One can cross almost any one of the northern countries of Europe without seeing a Chinaman, Japanese, or negro. Take England as an example. Every one knows that the United Kingdom is a kind of center in Europe on which converge the main lines of trade from all the world. When one sets foot on British soil and behaves himself there, he has all the rights of an Englishman, landowning excepted. The sentiment is, what do you know, and what can you do? Never mind where you were born or what the color of your skin. A fair inference is that here would flock all of the immigrants who seek employment and good wages; but they do not; the reason is that the British excel and do their own work. They cook their food, wash their clothing, operate their own factories,

build their railways and houses. The same remark applies to France, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland; indeed, to the countries of northern Europe generally. I speak from observation in all these countries, and a further experience of a quarter of a century on the Pacific Coast with the 'yellow peril.' The fact is that the white man, especially the "native born," almost a term of ridicule, will not work. That is the secret of the situation, and the end is not hard to predict. The people declaim against Asiatic labor that is "taking the bread from their mouths," at the same time vigorously pursuing the courses that induce the immigration of the Japanese, Chinese, et al. The efforts of State Legislatures will accomplish little. When a people cease to do their own work, some other people must do it; and if with that labor is introduced an intellectuality equal to the domestic standard, the control of industry, the ownership of land, and even the political management of the country will pass to the most capable. In the East, especially the extreme Eastern states, we see the converse. Asiatic labor does not trouble Maine, nor in any other part of the United States does it interfere with pursuits efficiently conducted by our own people. Forty years ago, when laundry work in this country was done in a slovenly manner Chinamen came in and introduced a great improvement in the art; but after a while our own people took up the businesss and have displaced the Chinese. When the native-born will cook their food, gather their fruit, clear the land, and do their housework, then the problem of the 'yellow peril' will find a solution.

King Edward of England has, exercising one of the royal prerogatives, issued an order that no public entertainment is to be given in a theater or music hall on Sundays, on Christmas day, or on Good Friday, "unless under exceptional circumstances," and then only if the program of that particular performance has been previously submitted to the lord chamberlain's department and received its imprimatur A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes: "King Edward has been led to issuing this edict with regard to Sunday performances by the growth and deterioration of these Sabbath entertainments. They commenced with concerts of sacred music. Then followed cinematograph displays of biblical subjects. The latter, as well as the sacred music, has long given way to much more frivolous and more worldly features; and, whereas twenty and thirty years ago all theaters and music halls throughout Great Britain were shut on Sundays, today they are nearly all open and doing a rushing business, the so-called private entertainments, of a class which would not pass muster with the mass of the general public on a week day Prompted, it is said, by Queen Alexandra, who is a religious woman indeed, and urged by the leading ecclesiastics, not only of the Church of England but of other denominations, the king has now turned to good account the survival of medieval despotism which excited so much criticism at the time when it was invoked by subordinate officials of the lord chamberlain's department to prevent the performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera 'The Mikado' during the state visit to England of several members of the Japanese imperial family a couple of years ago. The step taken by the king is meeting with the warm approval of the vast mass of the population in England, where it is construed as furnishing another striking illustration of the intimacy of his constant touch with public sentiment The latter, as in all English speaking countries, is ever in favor of a respect for Sunday, and so keenly alive is the king to this that, although passionately devoted to racing, he has never in his life been present at the Paris Grand Prix, which is always run on a Sunday, and which is the greatest of races on the continent of Europe, and is equivalent to the English Derby."

In an announcement of the Ministers' Association of Atlanta, Georgia, sent us by its president, the Rev. Dr. E. Lyman Hood of Atlanta Theological Seminary, we notice that there are approximately three hundred ministers in Atlanta. "Of these, one hundred are pastors of urban churuches, about fifty who dwell within the municipality, are serving parishes in the country; in supervisory and educational work there are fifty; and at least another hundred are superannuated, or engaged in business, yet maintaining their ecclesiastical relations." It is said that many of the great movements which have proved of inestimable blessing to the civic and religious life of Atlanta had their origin and early development in the prayer and counsel of this brotherhood of ministers.

THE NEW PASTORATE IN PILGRIM CHURCH, OAKLAND.

A large congregation greeted Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, last Sunday morning, and listened to a most excellent sermon on "The Supreme Fact of Christianity." The text was from Matthew 16:25: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Mr. Lawson said in part:

"Religion is not a philosophy but a passion. It can never be adequately defined from either an ethical or an ecclesiastical standpoint. It is primarily neither a code of ethics, nor a system of ceremonies and institutions; but the revelation and establishment of certain relations between God and man. In its highest manifestation in Christianity, religion is a supreme passion for a Supreme Person. That is why competent theology, in its sane moments, busies itself with the interpretation of the soul of Jesus, with the exposition of the place he occupies in the religion named after his name. The discovery and impartial study of the great religions of the world have revealed at the heart of the human race, and as essential to the very life of man, a profound and conscious hunger for God. Further, our modern interest in comparative religion has served but to renew and strength the old conviction of the finality of Christianity as the satisfaction of that hunger. Here a monumental truth shines through the confusion and contradictions of those ancient religions. It is now seen that the most significant and precious fact in the world of today is the fact of God, as God is revealed to me in Christ. It is the life of God, as that life flows through the pure soul of Jesus in to the disturbed souls of men. Further still, we are finding that the supreme condition of this flow of Divine life lies in fidelity to the spiritual ideals of Jesus under the immediate influence of personal devotion to himself. For the outward authority of our fathers, we are substituting an inward and vital authority—the conscious impact of the spirit of Christ upon the spirit of man!

"How far we are right in this substitution may be determined by a new consideration of the stress which Christ laid on personal loyalty to himself; and my text fitly opens up the approach to such a consideration."

It was then shown that "For my sake" formed a motive for conduct peculiar to Christianity. The stress of other religions lay on the things taught. In Christianity it lay on the person of the teacher. It was the spectacle of the great life that had fascinated the minds of men. "Now

that time has been given us," he said, "we are able to see that the supreme fact in Christianity is not the truths which Christ taught about God and man, precious as these truths are, but the embodiment of them in him, the supreme and solitary character of his personal life. That is the greatest reality in the sphere of history. The Supreme Person of history, not the supreme things he taught; that is the revelation of God to man.

"Now, what is the practical and immediate significance of this statement? Here, in the fields of time, men are continually seeking to understand what Christianity is. Our vast world of human souls has been confronted with the Christian religion for two thousand years, yet multitudes of men and women are seeking to know what a Christian is, what distinguishes him from the rest of his fellows; and part of the tragedy of life is that men have persistently sought in the wrong paths. The discipline of the last century in science, in philosophy, in psychology, in history, has prepared us for the answer. But because that answer is so simple, and because it is found to be the answer which the first disciples discovered, men have been slow to receive. The intellect of man, that faculty in him which is so often allied to pride, has demanded something more subtle, 'a theory for the understanding rather than a life for the soul.' Yet the answer is simple, it is convincing. It is easy to understand. Christianity is the reproduction, in our several spheres of activity, of the moral being of Christ. It is the deliberate setting, and the continual patient readjustment of our life, in all its motives, ambitions, and acts, directly under the influence of the strong, tender, holy personality of Jesus; so that we think his thoughts, do his deeds, see our various relations—human and divine—in his vision of them, and become obedient to his voice within and without us. It is not a question of creeds and dogmas and ceremonies, but of our personal relation to Christ."

Mr. Lawson then referred to the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, and showed that the unique significance of Christ's personality for the spiritual life of his followers was the most striking thing in the gospels. And what we found here at the beginning, both as regards the demand of Jesus for personal devotion, and men's response to it, we found all through Christ's ministry. Christ's own language was clear and decisive in its testimony to his own belief in the fruitfulness of his personal influence in the creation of spiritual character. "The true atmosphere in which the souls of men achieve effective mastery over self and over the world, and in which they attain to moral worth, is love. And Jesus presented himself to men as the Eternal Lover. He saw that love was the real practical law life which always justifies itself in experience. And it was the love of Christ that overwhelmed the men who first came in contact with him. It was the power of his great mediatorial soul acting on the souls of men that drew them to him, changed the current of their lives, and created Christianity."

After proving that the same thing was true during the Apostolic Age, and throughout the following Christian centuries, the preacher turned his attention to the practical issue of the exposition. "What can convince me?" he asked, "of the resurrection of Christ? What can convince me that he is still the supreme Soul of our vast human world, though wicked men slew him on the cross? Nothing, I say, except personal contact with himself. Nothing, except I live in his daily love, and for his sake. Nothing, except the momentous impact of his mediatorial soul on my soul. Out of the spiritual life, spiritual thoughts and beliefs are born. Out of the great spiritual life, great spiritual thoughts and beliefs are born. Therefore the great spiritual thinker must first of all be the great spiritual liver. John, Paul, Origen, Augustine, Wesley, Edwards, all the really commanding minds in the region of Christian thought and life were first of all brought into captivity to the mind of Christ, were rapt disciples, then passionate lovers, and then free and fervid apostles of the truth and grace they discovered in him.

"And this is the order for lesser minds. Love for Christ is the great pure passion that lifts us out of self, that sets us on the road towards great discoveries in the art of living. To live for Christ's sake is to see all life through him, and to see him in all life. Here, this morning, the voice of Jesus sounds above the thoughtless laughter of unheeding men and women, above the frivolous patter of dancing feet, 'Live for my sake!' And shall there not well up in our hearts, once for all, the great Apostolic answer, 'For me to live is Christ?' "

Mr. Lawson conducts the service of the sanctuary in a manner that inspire to devotion. He wears a gown in the pulpit. All in all the opening service of the new pastorate for Pilgrim was such as to lead the present writer to wish to go again.

THE BIG TREES SAVED.

The plan to save the Calaveras big trees by an exchange of stumpage on other government land has been found to meet with the favor of congress and all interested parties. A Washington dispatch of recent date says:

Robert B. Whiteside of Duluth, Minn., a prominent lumberman operating in the lake States and on the Pacific coast, is the owner of the Calaveras big trees. After his agreement to the proposals, which are simply a practical exchange of timber for timber, the entire California delegation gave its solid and enthusiastic support to the bill. No appropriation is needed to carry out the provision of the act. The land to be acquired under the bill as already stated includes about 960 acres in what is known as the North Calaveras Grove in Calaveras County, and 3040 acres in the South Grove in Tuolumne County. The North Grove contains ninety-three big tree and in the South Grove there are 1380 of these giant sequoias. Any tree under eighteen feet in circumference, or six feet through, is not considered in the count of large trees,. Besides the giant sequoias there are hundreds of sugar pines and yellow pines of astonishing proportions, ranging to the height of 275 feet, and often attaining a diameter of eight to ten feet. There are also many white firs and incense cedars in the two tracts. A government study of the land was made by a field party under the direction of Fred G. Plummer, United States Forest Service, in 1906.

The North Grove contains ten trees each having a diameter of twenty-five feet or over, and more than seventy having a diameter of fifteen to twenty-five feet. Most of the trees have been named, some for famous generals of the United States and others for statesmen and various States of the Union. "The Father of the Forests," now down, is estimated Hittel, in his "Resources of California," to have had a height of 450 feet and a diameter at the ground of more than forty feet when it was standing. "Massachusetts" contains 118,000 board feet of lumber; "Governor Stoneman" contains 108,000 board feet, and the "Mother of the Forest," burned in the terrible forest fire

which licked its way into a part of the grove last summer, contains 105,000 board feet. Each of these trees named grows as much lumber as is grown ordinarily on fifteen or twenty acres of timberland. The bark runs from six inches to two feet in thickness. Among the other large named trees in the two groves are "Waterloo," "Pennsylvania," "James King," "Old Bachelor," "Pride of the Forest," "Daniel Webster," "Sir John Franklin," "Empire State," "U. S. Grant," " W. T. Sherman," "J. P. McPherson," "Abraham Lincoln," "Connecticut," "Ohio," "Grover Cleveland," "Mrs. Grover Cleveland," "Dr. Nelson," "General Custer," "Dr. J. W. Dawson," "General Hancock," "Knight of the Forest," "Two Sentinels," and "Old Dowd."

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND THE NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE EAST

The Graves Lectures at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, New Jersey, were given this year by the Rev. Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board.

Dr. Barton showed that although protestant missionaries had never interfered in political or national affairs in any country, yet "the most widely extended, persistent, and irresistible force operating among the Asiatics nations today is a force introduced and liberated by the missionaries of the Cross and now manifesting its power not only through missionary institutions but in national life. These forces are now working out a new national order destined to reshape the Government and society of one-half the human race and bring it into co-operative harmony with all christendom."

Tracing the influence of missionaries and misisons in the making of a new Turkey, Dr. Barton compared the conditions in Russia with the new order in Turkey, saying: "Russia has excluded the missionaries and their institutions of righteousness, mercy, and education. Let us imagine what would have been the result had Protestant missionaries been free to enter that country as they entered Turkey in 1819, and there given full liberty to plant and conduct their modern Christian institutions and to dwell in al lparts of the great Russian empire. Had they been permitted to carry on their work in Russia as they have in Turkey in proportion to the populations of the two countries, the modern printing press would have been turning out in the vernaculars of the country more than one hundred million pages of literature a year. For the last fifty years there would have been over three thousand American misisonaries residing in about three hundred different important centers of population all over the country. Each one of these centers would have become a source and center of immediate education for both boys and girls in things taught in our own American schools. American collegiate institutions for both men and women in which modern sciences and languages, including English, are taught and where also the students are made familiar with questions of history, economics, international law and the science of government. In these colleges there would be no less than thirty thousand of the choicest of Russian manhood and womanhood, with ten times that number who would had finished their courses and are now bearing their part in the direction of Russian affairs.

Under such circumstances is it possible to conceive of Russia's being the same she is today? Constitutional government would have long since leaped into existence and the people would have been qualified to maintain it with dignity and success.

Dr. Barton dwelt also upon the part missionaries had played in the preparation of Bulgaria, Japan and China for independence and the larger position they are coming to hold in the sisterhood of nations. He stated that over 80 per cent of the Chinese students now in American colleges and universities are from mission schools in China, thus showing the place these schools hold in relation to Western learning.

In conclusion he said, "Christian missions have been the main factor in the great modern Asiatic movements that have brought into prominence the leading Eastern races, compelling the making of new treaties and causing the leading nations to engage in close scrutiny of the influences of these newly created national forces upon their own political and economic future. Missions have brought into national prominence during the last fifty years about 800,000,000 people or nearly one-half of the human race, compelling the civilized nations to meet these new conditions in an adequate and becoming manner. All this has forced us to recognize the Asiatic as a man and brother, compelling us to treat as such. We have been driven to acknowledge his equality with ourselves in mental equipment, business sagacity, posibilities of moral development, and his national strength is a factor in the political life of the world.

"Missionary work has brought the races of the East up to something of the boasted level upon which we of the West once thought we stood alone, while it has robbed us of a measure of our pride of race and power and forced us to acknowledge that in intelligence, ability and conscience there is no East and no West, but that all are creatures of the same God and Father and equally capable of the highest physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual attainment.

"The most fundamental international movement of this century, one that affects all men of all races and all religions and that has to do with the physical, intellectual, social, moral, national as well as spiritual life of the races of the world, that deals with conditions as they exist and that shapes these conditions in the interests of a universal brotherhood and the permanent peace of mankind, is foreign missions."

NEW YORK'S SUMMER CLOSED CHURCHES TO BE UTILIZED.

To apply $200,000,000 of real estate and the vacation leisure of hundreds of college students to the benefit of the many thousands of children who will run wild in New York next July and August is the object of a movement which was set on foot recently at the headquarters of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations.

At a mass meeting which will be held in Carnegie Hall on March 22, a comprehensive campaign for setting up vacation schools in closed church buildings throughout every quarter of town will be launched, through which it is expected at least 5,000 children may be provided with regular instruction for several interesting sessions each week of the hot, idle spell. After four seasons of successful efforts along these lines, the expert workers of this church federation believe they are prepared to turn into live agencies of good for every child in the city the immense church properties which yield no returns in the summer months.

"There is no financial waste that I know of in our city comparable with that which arises from having the

schools and churches closed during the summer," said W. H. Maxwell, superintendent of schools of the Board of Education in a recent discussion of the subject. With thousands of dollars' worth of idle church space at hand and ambitious teachers from the disbanded classes of almost every college in the country volunteering to join the staff of their vacation school system, the leaders of the new movement are to-day confident that the people of New York have it in their power to offer the best musical, manual, medical, and religious training at the doors of the tenements to every one of the children turned loose in the streets while regular school is closed.

"The time is now ripe to capitalize this immense waste of church structure and student workers during New York's vacation period," saiys Dr. Walter Laidlaw, evecutive secretary of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations. "Weary workers naturally leave their churches empty and their organizations exhausted and inert at the close of the regular church seasons. The members of at least half of the churches of this city leave town, and their costly, commodious buildings stand for two months useless to their congregations and the work to which they are dedicated.

"In the same way much of the best material for teaching goes to waste while college students lack the opportunity to thus employ themselves during the summer vacation period. We can get the churches, the teachers, and more children, hungry for such vacation interest, than we can accommodate. It only remains for those good New Yorkers, who can take their children away and keep them beneficially engaged, to remember the host of children who must be left behind and rally to the support of this enterprise."

While this vacation school work has never been carried out to the extent which it is believed New Yorkers will push its operation for the coming summer, it has for the last four years been tried with steadily increasing success by the workers of this organization. Four thousand children of every nationality and religion in the metropolis were regularly enrolled during last July and August in the vacation school system which was spread to churches of all denominations by a working staff of expert teachers. At the end of the summer these children had learned to make hammocks, baskets, and needlework of all kinds, to master the principles of hygiene and first aid to the injured, and to sing with taste and skill the best music. Their interest in their regular schools and churches had been kept alive and hours of dangerous and demoralizing hanging about the streets had been spared them. A splendid system had been built up with an expert corps of teachers as a nucleus for the ambitious project for this coming summer's work.

THE JOINT MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN.

The first meeting in California in connection with the Joint Missionary Campaign is to be held in the First Congregational Church of Lodi on Tuesday, March 16, and is to be a rallying point of the Sacramento and San Joaquin associations in the interests of this movement. On the the following Thursday, March 18th, an all day meeting will be held in the First Congregational Church of Oakand, at which the pastors, delegates and members of the churches of the Bay Association will listen to the speakers representing the National Societies. There will be a morning conference at 10 o'clock, and public missionary meetings in the afternoon and evening, with addresses by Dr. H. H. Atkinson, Rev. G. W. Hinman and Secretary Cornelius H. Patton of the American Board; Rev. A. J. Folsom, of Oregon, and Rev. W. H. G. Temple of Sacramento, representing the C. H. M. S.; and Secretary James W. Cooper and Rev. H. L. Hoyt of the A. M. A.

In San Francisco, on the following day, the morning and afternoon sessions will be held at the First Congregational Church, while in the evening there will be a supper served by the ladies of Plymouth Church, at 6 o'clock, followed by informal addresses by the visiting speakers.

CHRIST THE HEAD OF EVERY MAN.

A Sermon by Williard Brown Thorp.

(Preached in the First Congregational Church of San Diego, California, Sunday, February 7th, 1909.

"The head of every man is Christ." 1. Cor. II:3.

It is a characteristic thought of Paul's that the church is like a body, with Christ the head and the Christians the various organs or members. In this passage the Apostle is applying the same figure to the life of the individual. "The head of every man is Christ."

We know what the word Christ meant to Paul. It stood for an essentially divine being Indeed Paul more than anyone else may be said to be the author of the conception of the divinty of Christ. He had never seen the human Jesus. There were no recollections of an earthly face or voice to enter into his thoughts of the Master and possibly impose a limitation upon them. To him the Lord Jesus was ever a celestial presence, the living, risen, glorified Christ, as he had felt His power on the road to Damascus. When Paul thought of Jesus he did not use his memory, but rather his reverent imagination. He saw the face of one altogether lovely, beckoning him ever into closer fellowship with God. It was this ideal Christ, the very outshining of the divine, which was the inspiring power in Paul's life. And it is this that he has in mind when he says, "The head of every man is Christ,"—the Highest, the Christlike, the Divine.

It is only fair to Paul to state that the man he had primarily in mind when he was writing this passage was the Christian man. And yet so large a spirit was the Apostle that we always find his language leaping its bounds and running out into universals. And certainly in this case he let slips a phrase so big and unlimited that he must not complain if we moderns take it just as it stands, and affirm that it may be said of any man, no matter wno he is or what he has been or done, that the head of that man is Christ." For "the head of every man is Christ."

But, one may ask, what if the man have not "accepted Christ," as the phrase is? Let us pause a moment and look into that.

Frankly, I do not like any of these phrases which imply that the Master is foreign to a man's life, something that is in a sense extra or optional. Many people think of it in that way. They say: "Here is the ordinary human life; and then some have gone beyond it, and added on something else." And they look at this addition somewhat curiously, and wonder if it is worth while.

A far truer and more helpful way to start with the thought which Paul's words suggest, that Christ is an inherent part of the true humanity of every man,—nay more, that He is the head of every man; and that if we try to

build our lives around anything else as head, we shall produce a monstrosity. And I confidently believe there are many who, when once they grasp this thought, will find the whole subject of Christianity far more acceptable to them.

1. We begin, then, by saying that somewhere in every man's life is Christ.

This is something which I trust we are all able to accept as a matter of actual condition. Probably we shall agree that there is no life that has ever come under our observation in which there were not some of the Christ qualities. The person may be very disagreeable and offensive to us. His life may be very base, his influence very evil. But here and there in that life there will be traces of genuine goodness. Beneath all the make-believe there will be points of sincerity. Beneath all that is hard, grasping, overbearing, there will be traces of kindness. Beneath all the mockery there will be some place of reverence.

It is at these points that the man's friends attach themselves. Indeed, the proof of the presence of these Christlike elements in every life is not that we ourselves can always detect them. Often we do not know the person well enough for that. The proof is that we see friends sticking to the man. Just as the trees projecting from the face of a lofty cliff prove that there are spots of fertile soil upon it, so the friends that attach themselves to a man are living evidences of his Christlike qualities. Sometimes one will see a curiously warped nature, perverse and repellent. It seems as if surely no one would care to have anything to do with that person. But presently we shall find that he has his friends who are ardently attached to him. We shall find perhaps some woman clinging to that man with her whole nature. We ask her why; and she will tell us that the world has misjudged him, that there are things in him that the world does not appreciate, but she sees them and loves him for them. And when we ask her what they are, we find that they are Christlike things. It is only the Christlike things that attach true friends to us. The evil elements in men's natures do not draw others to them, but rather repel them. Attachments formed for evil purposes are usually of the most transient character. Wherever the attachment between two people is deep and lasting, it is based on some point in their better nature which they have in common. Let the universality of friendship, then, be an evidence of the presence of Christlike qualities in every man.

Somewhere, then, in every man's life is Christ,—obscured, denied, betrayed, crucified alas how often!—but always there. No child is born into the world without the indwelling Christ as part of his life equipment. It may be depended upon as surely as the presence of lungs and heart and other vital organs of the body. The spiritual organism too has its vital parts, its normal elements. We do not have to get them afterwards like clothes and put them on. They are there to begin with, part of our natural endowment. To be without them would be a monstrous deformity, more lamentable than any other which can possibly be conceived.

2. But the text says not simply that somewhere in every life is Christ, but that "the head of every man is Christ." This can only mean that the Christ nature, which every man finds within himself and within those whom he deeply loves, is the true head of the life.

To take an illustration from physiology,—suppose some one of the organs of the body, say the stomach, should attempt to usurp control of the body and become the head, subordinating everything else to itself, so that the man would be chiefly stomach, the other parts of him being only incidental and tributary. What a monstrous perversion would result! And something like that may sometimes be said to be the case. Some part of the life that ought properly to be subordinate usurps the throne and proceeds to give orders to the rest. One of the most common causes of disordered lives is this. Something is being made the head which is not properly head at all, but one of the members.

It may be the money-getting faculty, acquisitiveness, that is made the head; and under the name of "Business" it usurps control of everything. It has its place in life, a subordinate one, but Paul's words remind us that the true head of every man is not business, but Christ. To put anything else at the head can only result in trouble.

Sometimes one of the passions is allowed to creep into the place of the head, and the man's life actually becomes organized around that passion as its center. The gambler, the lecher, the drug-fiend, are instances of this. When this is the case, the man knows in his heart that he has become a monstrosity, that his whole nature is perverted. He is so deeply ashamed that he cannot bear to have anyone know the extent to which he has become demoralized. The Christ elements are there, the good is present, the man is not altogether bad; but something else is in control of his life. The head of that man is not Christ; his head is something else, something so base that he dare not let it be known.

Sometimes one of the relatively high faculties gets put in the place of Christ as the head of the life. The intellect is a high faculty, the power to analyze and define and discriminate. It is so high an endowment that men sometimes have thought it should be the head of all. But when it is actually made the head, the results are not apt to be altogether satisfactory. This particular faculty was not the head in the man Jesus. It was present and was honored; and certain things were always referred to it as to a supreme court, just as certain things are referred to the memory and certain others to the will. And yet it was not the head; it was not the thing that determined the relative values in his life. It was not the thing that gave the orders as to what he should do and say. What was the head in the man Jesus? Paul himself tells us in the words that follow our text, that "the head of Christ is God." The will of God, the good will, was the head in Jesus, and so it is in every normal personality.

What we are saying, then, is that the true head in every man's life is Christ, the Christ spirit, the Christ quality. It was as much designed by nature to be the head of a man's spiritual organism, the directing and organizing power in his thoughts and purposes, as the brain was designed to be the head of his physical organism. To let anything else than the brain be the controlling and determining force in the organization of the body would result in a terrible deformity. And no less a perversion and deformity is it when anything else than the Christ is made the head of his life.

This is what is meant by sin. And the result is trouble, friction, hypocrisy, an artificial and strained quality, the loss of true friends, unrighteous relationships of every sort, and all manner of disorders so serious that in the long run they break down the nerves and cause the body to succumb to disease. And the cause of the trouble is that the true head of the man's life, namely Christ, has been displaced by something else.

3. Now for this trouble there is only one remedy.

When there is a dislocation, there is only one thing to be done, and that is to put the parts back into their proper place. So soon as that is done all the forces of the body tend to hold it in the right position.

And this is precisely the case with the soul. The true remedy for all the troubles of one's life is to put Christ back in His proper place as the head. He is not outside of us, so that we have to reach out and add Him on to our lives. He is in us already, has been from the very beginning. Only He has not been given the supremacy. Something else than the divine has been made the ruler of the life. The intellect has been allowed to pick to pieces the finer feelings and the deep intuitions of faith, and throw them out upon the ash heap. Or the greed of gain or the passions of sense have been allowed to dislocate the divine from its place of headship; and it must be restored.

This act of restoration is conversion,—the putting of the divine, the Christ, in its true place as the head of the life. And when a man does that, there is joy,—joy not only in the presence of the angels, but in his own heart, throughout his whole being. There is an immense sense of relief from the righting of the man's nature.

And all the forces of the life respond to this true headship. Instead of being hard and forced, like all natural things it is easy. There is a feeling throughout the whole organism that things are coming into their right relationship. All the power of the life, its unconscious forces, gently and firmly reduce to their true place the passions and ambitions that usurped the headship. It is like the keystone set in the center of an arch. Once it is in position, there is a sense of firmness and completeness throughout the whole structure So the Christ, the divine, once enthroned in the center of a life, all the powers of the life combine to hold it there and to maintain that position of stable equilibrium.

If there is one here who has not yet taken this position, I should like most earnestly to commend it to him as the way of life,—as a position to be heartily and rationally accepted by every true man. Cease disputing over your theories and beliefs, your doubts and skepticisms. Accept the simple message of this sermon and of this text. Christ is the true head of every man's life. In every man's life Christ is present, but in many He is not made the head. He is thrust aside, denied, crucified. Yet He is the true head. And when you place Him in that position you will find the solution of your life problem.

The stone that was rejected of the builders, the same must be made the head of the corner.

"That we may grow up in all things into Him, which is the head, even Christ."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR MARCH 14.

Rev. Henry Kendall Booth.

What Are Our Liquor Laws and How are They Enforced?

(Deut. 4: 1-9.)

In the long struggle of the better elements of our conntry against the liquor traffic one of the most potent agencies has been the use of legislation. There are various types of liquor laws which have been evolved.

1. Prohibitory Legislation.

The object of this type of liquor laws is to make the manufacture and sale of intoxicants impossible. In Maine and Iowa state prohibition has been tried. Much good has been done by such legislation but it has not been wholly successful. In districts or communities where public sentiment has been unfavorable, prohibition has failed to prohibit, and even in favorable conditions it has been difficult to enforce. It may be said that this type of legislation has as yet failed to prove itself of so great value as was once supposed, and it is an open question whether it has reduced the sale of liquor and diminished drunkenness.

2. State Control.

This type of legisation is designed to remove from the liquor traffic the motive of personal profit, and to have the state assume the sale of liquor, all profits to go to the public funds. In no state has this been given a full trial, except in South Carolina with its Dispensing Law. The results have been far from satisfactory, and it is by no means certain that it has reduced drinking in that state, and it is fundamentally opposed to all progress in prohibition sentiment because it recognizes liquor-selling as a legitimate and necessary business.

3. License Laws. These are in general use all over the country. As a general rule they are ridiculously low. As they are usually controlled by city or country authorities, many of whom ower their election to saloon men and brewers, adequate control of licensure has been almost impossible. Even high license, that has so many advocates, is far from a panacea for the evil. For the raising of the license, while it may reduce the number of saloons, has no appreciable effect upon the extent of the sale of liquor. And the practical result of increased license has been to throw the control of the saloons into the hands of the wholesalers and brewers. This has been notably true in this state.

4. Restrictive Legislation.

These laws are of many types. The restrictions which have gradually come into general use wherever the liquor trade is licensed are—prohibition of sale to minors and drunkards; closing of saloons on legal holidays, Sundays and election-days; limitation of the hours of sale; abolition of side entrances; publicity of inspection; regulation of amusements in saloons.

But all these restrictions are subject to enforcement by the police authorities, and the evasion of all these laws in our large cities is notorious, unless public sentiment demands rigid enforcement.

5. Local Option.

This is the sanest and most successful type of liquor legislation, because it evokes for its enactment a public sentiment in its favor which is a uowerful deterrent of evasions of its enforcement. With this weapon the Anti-Saloon League has waged an effective warfare against the saloon. It is this type of legislation which is now pending at Sacramento and which seems to have a good chance of being enacted. It is the best type of liquor law because it is truly democratic and in line with public sentiment.

It is obvious then that the limitation or abolition of the liquor traffic by legislation depends for its enforcement in the last analysis upon public sentiment. When this is favorable any type of liquor law may be rigidly enforced; where this is unfavorable, the best type will be only a dead letter, and in the work of awakening piblic sentiment in favor of prohibition we may all do our part. Especially can Christian Endeavorers in an organized way do much to hasten this great reform.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR MARCH 21.

Pilgrim' s Progress Series. III. The Wicket Gate.

(Matt. 7: 7-14.)

Rev. Henry Kendall Booth.

Rescued by Help from the Slough of Despond and sent

on his way, Christian meets with Worldly Wiseman. In the interview between them Bunyan is at his best. Patronizing, tolerant, cynical, shrewd, Worldly Wiseman is a perfect type of the man of the world. And how he plays upon Christian's latent doubts and fears, pointing out the difficulties and dangers of the way he has chosen, and offering him plausible counsel as to the easy way to freedom from sin in mere respectability and worldliness. Christian hesitates, listens and is lost. It is a clear presentment of an ever-recurring experience. The cynical wisdom of this world is ever sneering at Christianity as unpractical, Utopian, visionary. The young Christian in particular is assailed by the temptation offered by worldly companions to choose the easy life of mere respectability, and to forego the more difficult life of self-denial which is the true Christianity. The constant appeal of worldliness is to moral indolence and selfish indulgence. It is an ever present temptation. Mr. Worldly Wiseman is in all our churches. To him Christianity is but a snug, self-satisfied, easy, respectable, outwardly moral life that costs nothing. He will make no sacrifices for the cause of Christ. For Mr. Worldly Wiseman's religion is only a subliminated selfishness. Subtle, insidious, persuasive, but specious and dangerous are his arguments and influence. We must all meet him as did Christian. But let us remember Christ's warning against this worldly spirit and turn not aside from the straight and narrow way.

Deluded by Worldly Wiseman Christian turns aside from the right path into the road to the village of Morality, but is stopped by fear at the base of an overhanging and threatening mountain, which Bunyan quaintly explains to be Mt. Sinai, the mountain of the law, whose danger he explains on the basis of Paul's doctrine of the law (Gal. 3: 10). The law will not save, but only overwhelm man. To Bunyan, as to all the Puritans, Protestantism was the salvation by faith in grace, Catholicism salvation by observance of sacraments and legal requirements. Hence in common with all the Protestant teachers of his day, Bunyan makes much of Paul's antithesis of law and grace. But though this doctrine no longer has the theological and ecclesiastical reasons for such prominence, there is still a practical application of it needed today. For men are still prone to conceive that mere observance of outward laws or ceremonies, mere conformity to moral regulations is religion. We still need the insistence upon the inward and vital faith as the only way of salvation.

Terrified and confused, Christian is now met again by Evangelist, who sternly rebukes him for his folly and sin. In an agony of repentance Christian prays for forgiveness. Raising him to his feet he bids him hasten on his way with all speed. And at last Christian comes to the wicket-gate. The figure is borrowed by Bunyan from Matt. 7: 14. Over this gate are written the words: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Earnestly but fearfully Christian knocks. To him comes Good-Will, who, having heard his story opens the gate and bids him enter. Before him lies a straight and narrow way (Matt. 7: 14) which Good-Will tells him is to be his future path, and from which he is to turn aside neither to the right hand nor to the left and to beware turning aside into those broad and easy.

Under this imagery Bunyan is of course setting before us the entrance of the Christian on the Christian life. The simple wicket-gate is the figure of the simple, humble, plain method by which each of us are to enter into the Christian life through faith in Jesus Christ, and the straight and narrow way is the path of self-denial and service to which the Master calls us. And, like Christian, we are all called to turn away from all the promptings of selfishness and worldliness and enter in at this strait gate

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, First.—Twelve persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, 7 on confession.

Berkeley, First.—At the Sunday communion service 8 persons were received to membership, 2 on confession.

San Francisco, Bethany.—This church welcomed one person to membership at the communion service Sunday.

Haywards.—The Rev. A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa is conducting a series of meetings of an evangelistic nature.

Berkeley, North.—Seven persons were received into the membership of the church last Sunday, 3 on confession.

San Francisco, Mission.—Eight persons came into the fellowship of this church last Sunday One man 57 years old was baptized.

Oakland, Second.—The work opens up encouragingly under the leadership of the Rev. Leslie Briggs who accepted the call to the pastorate after supplying for a few Sundays.

Oakland, Fourth.—Four persons entered into membership at the last communion service, three coming in on confession. The pastor has started a catechetical class composed of the young people in several of the Sunday-school classes.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The church is without debt now. The Sunday-school has a large and increasing attendance. The pastor, the Rev. W. Bair, is able to be in charge again. Three persons united with the church last Sunday on confession.

Niles.—A large number were present at the communion service at the First Congregational Church March 7th. Six were admitted to fellowship on confession of faith, and the service was a delightful one. In the evening the house was filled. The pastor gave an address to the Men's League. At the close of the service the League held its semi-annual meeting for the election of officers. The Men's League is growing in numbers and doing fine work.

San Jose.—The first two months of the new year have been busy ones with pastor and people. On communion Sunday, early in January, nineteen persons united with the church, many of these being members of the Normal Class,—young women soon to graduate from the State Normal School, and go out to teach in all parts of California. Others were new families, including fathers and mothers. There is a growing intetrest in the Kingdom Extension Society, and missionary meetings are well at-

tended, and much enthusiasm shown. One feature of interest in our programs is the monthly missionary paper, called "Latest Tidings," edited by the president and secretary and a corps of editors, including one from the Sunday-school, one from the Christian Endeavor Society, and one from the Intermediate C. E. The Intermediates have become the Banner Society of Santa Clara county, and now enroll over fifty active members. There have been many demands upon the pastor. On January 12th he spoke to the students of the Business College on "Lincoln," and on the same day addressed the high school students on the same subject; and the following Sunday evening, with the G. A. R. and other patriotic organizations as invited guests, he gave a third address on our honored Lincoln. Also, by special request he repeated his masterly lecture on Savonarola at the University of the Pacific at the solicitation of Dr. Jordan and the Y. M. C. A. of Stanford University. Mr. Patchell is giving Tuesday afternoons, a course of studies on the Life of Jesus to a normal class of twenty students who are themselves teaching more than two hundred and fifty enrolled students. Old and young in the church are eagerly watching the detail work in the new parish house, now approaching completion.

Long Beach, Plymouth.—The members of Plymouth Congregational Church, Long Beach, were deeply moved at last Wednesday night's prayer meeting when the pastor, Rev. Chester P. Dorland, read his resignation, requesting that it take effect April 30th. Mr. Dorland came to Long Beach over five years ago, and in January, 1904, Plymouth Congregational Church was organized with a membership of fourteen. At that time and for several months following services were held in a public hall, and later as its capacity was taxed, in the old Chautauqua Tabernacle. Meanwhile the trustees were casting about for a suitable lot for a church building which was finally secured on the corner of Locust and Fourth streets, in the heart of the city, and a neat chapel erected. The membership increased rapidly, and a few months later it was evident that the building was entirely too small to accommodate the large audiences, and its size was more than doubled. Still the membership continued to double and triple and quadruple, until at this time it has almost reached four hundred. From the date Plymouth Church was organized to the present, deep spirituality, undoubted consecration and perfect unity of action between pastor, officers, choir and members has obtained; indeed, herein lies the key to the unparalleled growth and recognized potency for good this church has attained. In civic affairs Mr. Dorland has taken an active part. He always has been a leader in the crusade against the saloon and everything that leads to the saloon. His efforts in behalf of a clean town, and a cleaner Long Beach are everywhere recognized by the lovers of good government. Mr. Dorland has a unanimous call to the state superintendency of the Southern California Congregational Conference, but his Long Beach flock has decided to issue just as unanimous a declaration expressing it as their wish that he remain indefinitely as their pastor. A meeting to that end will be called for this week. There is to be a concerted and unanimous effort on behalf of the membership to retain him. He is the only pastor Plymouth Church ever had and he has become so endeared to this congregation that it seems doubtful if they will accept the resignation.

NOTES AND PERSONALS

Next Monday the Rev. Francis Reid will read a paper at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, wife of the noted missionary, arrived in San Francisco from China, Tuesday of this week for a visit of several months with relatives and friends.

The name of Dr. H. H. Atkinson was inadvertently omitted from the list of speakers in the joint Missionary Campaign given in the Pacific last week. Dr. Atkinson has been in the Oregon and Washington campaigns and will assist also in California.

THE EARL LECTURESHIP.

The annual E. T. Earl course of lectures, under the auspices of Pacific Theological Seminary, is to be delivered this year by the Honorable James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States. The lectures, five in number, under the general title of "Ethics and Religion in Modern Life," will, by courtesy of the President and Board of Regents of the University of California be given in Hearst Hall, on the evenings of March twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-ninth, thirty1first, and April first. Except that to be delivered on Charter Day of the university, these will be the only addresses given by the illustrious speaker upon this side of the Bay. As in former years, the lectures will be open to the public without charge.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

When a man in the midst of a career of great usefulness to his day and generation,—a career touching mightily the destinies of scores of young people of both sexes, is suddenly stricken down, his loss, irrespective of church relationship, becomes a matter of general public concern. This city directly, and the State indirectly, sustained such a loss on February 27th, by the death of Dr. Samuel Rutherford Johnston, Associate Principal of the Portland Academy of this city. He was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, September 1, 1864, and prepared for college at Phillips, (Andover)) Academy, after which he entered Amherst College, but before graduating he went to Tuebingen, Germany, and took his Doctor's degree there in 1879. He then returned to America, and for ten years was professor in Parsons College, Iowa. In 1889 he came to Portland, and assisted in the organization of the Academy, of which he was Associate Principal with Dr. J. R. Wilson, up to the date of his death, which occurred in Florence, Italy, while traveling on a year's furlough with his wife. He was buried in that historic city on March 2d. At the time of his death he had been a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church since 1895.

At the Commuion Service in the First Church today eleven new members were received—four on confession of faith and seven by letter.

The topics of Dr. Dyott for the month of March will be as follows:

March 7th—Morning, "The Best of all Creeds; "Evening, "When Our Real Life Awakes, What Happens?"

Mach 14th—"In the School of Self-Control;" Even ing, "The Relation of Will to Success."

March 21st—Morning, "Psychology and the Realization of the Whole Self;" Evening, "Is it Worth While."

March 28th—Morning, "Perils of a Busy Life;" Evening, "Do It Now."

On March 11th the thirteenth annual meeting of the Portland Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers will he held in the First Church, and on the following day will be held a "together" joint missionary campaign for our country and the world, in which our seven societies will be represented, with Rev. C. H. Patton, D.D., of Boston, the Home Secretary of the American Board, presiding.

Portland, March 7, 1909.

PETALUMA WINS A GREAT MORAL VICTORY.

The citizens of Petaluma are greatly rejoicing in the granting of a petition by the board of trustees of the city which provides for the closing of saloons and places where liquor is sold on Sunday. Petaluma is the first city in the county to secure Sunday closing, and it is looked upon as a most important step toward the moral progress of the city.

The movement began some five or six months ago in a conversation between Mayor Brainard and Rev. R. W. Rogers, the pastor of the Congregational church. The men in the Congregational church—of which Mr. Brainard is a member—did splendid work in the movement, lending indispensable influence and courage. In fact all the denominations played a strong and most necessary part.

At the meeting, Monday evening, March 1, when the petition was voted on, there was a great throng of saloon men and a sprinkling of good citizens. When Mr. Rogers arose to speak he was met by hisses from the hoodlums, but when the meeting was over there was the best of spirit and he was greeted with handshakes. The day following there were some attempts at boycott on the part of the defeated liquor men. A few days previous to the meeting one liquor man drew $10,000 from the Sonoma County Bank—of which Mr. G. P. McNear, also an attendant at the Congregational church, is president—and on the day following went out to his home and asked him to withdraw his name from the petition for Sunday closing, but of course without success The boycotting has now, however, about ceased, and Petaluma is rejoicing in the successful effort of its good citizens and trustees and experiencing a new moral era. H. W. Roberts.

THE HOME

A LESSON FROM STARS AND SEA.

Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye who from my childhood up have claimed me,
Calm me, Oh, compose me to the end!

"Ah once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense clear, star-sown vault of Heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer;
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they?

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll:
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

Oh, air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery."
—Matthew Arnold.

GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY

There is much truth in the trenchant Mrs. Poyser's remark, "I'd sooner ha' brewin' day' an' washin' day together than one o' these pleasurin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next, an' keepin' your face i' smilin' order, like a grocer o' market day, for fear people shouldna' think you civil enough. An' you've nothin' to show for it when it's done if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree."

For these practical reasons, and some others, it is not altogether a matter of regret that the day of long visits has about passed away. Life, at least in cities, has become so busy and complicated an affair that nobody has time either to make or to receive them. Time was when friends would at certain intervals take up their abode with each other and remain for an indefinite period, and when even a friendly call was "spending the day." In those days our more leisurely, or perhaps more unselfish, mothers and grandmothers, in inviting a friend for a vist would have disdained to say "spend a week with us," or "come Friday and stay over Sunday." Their invitations were always unlimited, and the faintest hint of a desire to know when a guest would leave would have been regarded as red revolution.

Now your friends "put you up over night," and though they cordially welcome the coming they no less heartilyi speed the parting guest. For they must at once take up the threads of the life fabric they are spinning, and which they but laid down for a moment to pause and chat with you, or the threads will be tangled, and there will be breaks and snarls which it would take days to unravel. And you, on your part, have only turned aside for a brief rest, and must hasten back to your beaten path of daily cares and duties, though with a little fresher interest in the ceaseless round for the change of horizion.

With your friends in your own town, also, it is just as much a touch and go intercourse. Your old school friend marries and comes to live near you. You used to see her daily and hourly, every thought and plan was discussed with her and you held interminable conversations

and compared the feelings and sentiments, which you called opinions, on every subject under heaven. A change in the arrangements of your hair or the ribbon round your throat was of no more interest to yourself than it was to her. She knew just as much about the making of your new gown and who came to see you last night as did the dressmaker and the visitor You think how pleasant it will be to have her near you, what nice long talks you will have, what cozy mornings together with your work.

You promptly ask her and her husband to dinner, and are invited return, and entertained with a lavish display of her bridal bravery in elaborate centercloth and doilies ,sparkling cut glass, and glittering silver in various abstruse new kinds of spoons and forks, invented since your own wedding, and with whose mysterious uses only the bride is familiar. Then follows a brief period of a brisk interchange of visits, but the intervals between grow longer and longer, and by and by she calls on you one winter and you return her calls the next.

Occasionally you meet in shop or on a street car, or at Mrs. Somebody's crowded and noisy reception, and clasp hands for a moment and exchange a few hurried inquires about respective Jacks and Dorothys, and say, "Do come and see me," and then pass on. But these brief encounters, as if between those **rari nantes in gurgite vasto** that Virgil tells of, seem to give a very scrappy and exclamatory character to your intimacy. Of course you include her in the list to whom you send cards for your Thursdays in February, or for the one general afternoon crush by which you clear off all your social debts. But, as in the same breath you greet her, urge her to go out in th dining room and turn to receive the smiling woman entering behind her, it does dawn upon you that you have lost your old friend, and you scarcely know whether it is resentment or repentance you feel.

It is just so, too, with your husband. He used to like so much to have his friends to dinner or for a quiet smoke and talk in the evening. When he first had a home of his own one of its great delights was to have Tom or Harry drop in, and, without much urging, sit down to dinner, and one of its charms was that his wife was there to make things homey and comfortable. But if Tom and Harry have to have two weeks' notice, and they must appear in their evening clothes, and he must hurry home from the office and jump into his own, and and he can only talk to them across two or three decollete women, why, the game is hardly worth the candle. So when he has a special desire to see his old friends he meets them at his club and dines there, and telegraphs you that he won't be up to dinner tonight.

So we let slip out of our lives one of the things which give them their keenest zest—the habit of hospitality. To be hospitable doesn't necessarily mean eight courses and a man to wait. Most of our friends know we do not keep a butler, and the man is the last finishing touch of formality which freezes the whole thing. Two parlors and a dining-room densely crowded with shireking women, each one trying to make herself heard above the din made by the whole aggregation, isn't hospitality. Every woman emerges from that melee in a mental condition suggestive of the scoffing football lyric:

> After the game is over,
> After the field is clear,
> Straighten my nose and shoulder,
> Help me to find my ear!

Clubs are not hospitality, if a man has a home to which to ask his friends. There is more hospitality in a chop and a baked potato, well cooked and well served, on your own table, with your own family around it, than all the resources of the most accomplished French chef at the club, though these are by no means to be lightly undervalued as additions to your simple menu if you can afford them.

As Lowell tells us, "The gift without the giver is bare." The true essence of hospitality is the bit of yourself that you give your friend, in your habit as you live; the bit of your home as it really is, with perhaps a little extra garnish of flowers and light in his honor, but not transformed into an unreal semblance. So I would urge upon busy women to take time to be friendly, to make a little sacrifice to keep your friendships in repair, as Dr. Johnson says, to remember the outcasts who live in boarding houees, to consider it a part of your regular routine to have now and again a friend to lunch, or two to dinner, and a leisurely talk afterwards. Give them just as much good cheer as you can without feeling anxious about either the expense or the domestic machinery. Give them, above all else, a cordial welcome and the feeling that their coming adds to your pleasure without increasing your burdens. And then see if you do not find your horizon broadened, your life sweetened, as to others as well as yourself.—Elizabeth Elliot

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FROM A FATHER'S VIEWPOINT.

A certain lawyer who had previously been so preoccupied that he had held his children somewhat at arm's length, found that his only son was getting beyond the control of his mother, and fearing that if longer deferred counsel would be too late, he resolved to "get acquainted" with his own boy, aged 15, by taking him as a traveling companion in a business trip. He did not treat him as a boy to be watched, however, but as the wise man afterward said in the hearing of the writer:

"I treated him as an honored guest, and I was surprised, as the habitual restraint wore off, to find how many good points my own son had and how companionable he could be withal. After we had been together almost constantly for days I was surprised as well to feel the years slipping away from me and to find myself living over my half-forgotten boyhood.

"I had not premeditated reaching the heart of the boy by that means, however," continued the man, who was well along in years before he had a child and who had grown gray as a jurist, "but my confidence had that effect, for after I had told of the pranks of my youth and how I had once narrowly escaped being led into what would have ruined my character, my son, who had listened with incredulity as well as relief written on his face, cried: 'O dad, I'm so glad, so glad you haven't forgotten how boys feel and what they have to fight against, for now you'll understand!"

"Then freely as if talking to a chum, my boy told me of his own temptations and how they had nearly mastered him, because, feeling that his mother could not see from the viewpoint of a boy, he would not confide in her. And judging as well that my youth had been faultless, he had naturally come to the conclusion that I could have no sympathy with his fight against harmful temptations.

" 'But,' cried my boy, as he looked me full in the face after bringing to view what had been a heartbreak to bear alone, 'I feel as if I can face anything now, seeing I know you didn't always walk chalk. But say, why didn't you tell me sooner, dad? For it would have saved me more than

one fall-down if I could have made a clean breast of everything, as I will now that I see you'll understand.'

"That was five years ago," added the lawyer, with glistening eyes, "and never since that day has the boy given his parents an anxious hour. For no matter how pressing have been legal duties, I have always taken time to strengthen the growing confidence on the part of my son. Consequently, he comes to me fearlessly, knowing that sympathy as well as counsel awaits him under all condtions."

The conversation then turned to lack of confidence between fathers and sons in general, but nothing said along that line was so to the point as the further remarks of the learned man:

"I should be slow to condemn in others what I was so long guilty of myself, but I am firm in the belief that had I not won the confidence of my son just in the nick of time, he would soon have drifted beyond my influence. So experience has convinced me that fathers make a grave mistake in giving their sons to understand that perfection is expected of them, or that 'like as a father pitieth his children' does not apply to this age."—Helena Thomas, in The Interior.

Young People

FATHER AND SON.

I had a father; when he was alive,
I did not really care his will to please;
I did not know his habit was to strive
For me, his son, upon his bended knees.

My careless eyes found him but commonplace,
And thus untreasured chances passed away
Of watching Time—consummate artist!—trace
A character like Christ's in "common" clay.

Then he appeared a Philistine, too stiff
To sympathize with my superior mind;
But now, when he is dead, it seems as if
He were the vision-seer, I the blind.

He knows now all the secrets of the grave
Versed in profounder than Hegelian lore;
He wears the crown God gives to those who brave
The world's contempt and all its sneers ignore.

And I, who could so lightly talk with him,
Confronting wisdom with youth's insolence,
Would give all that I have to walk with him,
And think a great boon won at small expense.

I did not know how fervently he longed
In me deep-cherished hopes to realize,
Too late I see it now, the love I wronged,
Then in my reach, now out of reach the prize.

Though they are lost, which might have once been won,
Rich opportunities I cast away,
I trust that even now he sees his son
Tracking his footsteps to the land of day.

Then will I tell him what I had to keep
Buried within my breast, a life-long woe;
And he will say: "My son! my son! why weep?
I have forgiven it so long ago."

—C. H. Field, in London Spectator.

A COUPLE OF GROWLERS.

By Kate Hudson...

Just to look at him you never would have dreamed there was anything the matter with Algy Lane, his cheeks were so red, his eyes so bright, his laugh so jolly. But if ever you had seen him at table, you would soon have discovered that Algy really had what dear grandma called "a capricious appetite," and that he certainly was what Aunt Kate—an up-State relative and the mother of many boys—called a pernickety feeder.

Luncheon at the Lane's was always a time to be dreaded; for it was during the luncheon hour that all the true inwardness of Algy's tiresome complaint would come out. At breakfast and dinner—with father in his place at table—Algy's appetite was always perfectly normal. But those luncheons! Somehow mother never by any chance happened to have things Algy was hungering for. She always had the eggs poached when he would have preferred them scrambled, or beefsteak when he was just longing for lamb chops, or junket when he particularly fancied custard.

All during the meal mother would be assuring Algy that "steak really would do him more good than lamb chops;" and grandma would be imploring him just to "try a teenty-weenty bit of the delicious junket, deary;" while Algy would keep on growling protests and objections till every one round about was quite worn out.

"I'm glad we're off to Cliff Corners tomorrow," said grandma on the 25 of June. "It's growing uncomfortably warm, and poor Algy is beginning to look quite fagged."

"Yes," sighed mother, "and I'm glad we're going to board with Mrs. Glegg. She sets an excellent table and perhaps Algy's appetite may improve.

And really for the first few days it semed as if it had taken a turn for the better, even at luncheon time. It may have been the good mountain air or the unaccustomed surroundings, or— possibly—because Mrs. Glegg, siting in state behind her big tray, busily dispensing tea and cocoa, was so perfectly indifferent to the likes or dislikes of a very little boy. At all events for two or three days Algy enjoyed his midday meal without comment and without criticism.

As he gradually began to feel quite at home, all the unfavorable appetite symptoms appeared once more; and Mrs. Glegg—like poor mother—was sure to have poached eggs, beefsteak and junket when scrambled eggs, lamb chops, or custard would have been more acceptable. Algy's growlings—subdued, but forcible—began again with renewed vigor.

One day just after the country schools had closed for vacation a new little boy appeared at the luncheon table, a bashful little chap whom Mrs. Glegg introduced as "my nephew Lemuel, as is goin' to eat his luncheon with me after this."

Lemuel, though evidently painfully embarrassed by the presence of so many "boarder ladies," politely ducked his head and climbed into a chair not far from and opposite to Algy, while Mrs. Glegg thinly buttered two thick slices of bread, which with a chilly tail end of lamb chop and a tiny dab of mashed potatoes, she put on a plate and passed down to the little fellow.

"The cocoa is all out, Lemuel," she said serenely, "so

you'll have to take tea and without milk, too, for there's none left."

"Thank you, Aunt Clarinda," replied Lemuel; and he manfully fell to. Algy watched him so sympathetically as he ate his scrappy repast that he quite forgot he had set his heart on rhubard sauce and positively couldn't bear rice pudding; and, when he saw Lemuel contentedly making away with a cold slab of hominy left over from breakfast—"the rice puddin' being all eat up," Mrs. Glegg had explained—he was so absorbed by the sight that he actually drank his second cup of cocoa (though infinitely preferring tea) without hesitation and without demur.

Little Lemuel kept on coming to luncheon and grew to feel quite at ease; but he continued to eat just what was set before him—always left overs and hardly ever warm—with the same strict attention to business and the same unruffled serenity. And Algy kept on watching him with the the same deep interest not entirely unmixed with awe. All the time that troublesome capricious old appetite of his became more and more fastidious, so that at last mother and grandma were reluctantly compelled to make comparisons between Algy's critical attitude toward his "very-best-of-everything" luncheons and Lemuel's cheerful acceptance of "any-old-thing-that-happens-along."

"Just look at Lemuel, Algy darling," mother would say, "he doesn't stir things round and round on his plate and sniff at them. He just eats what is given him and is grateful."

"Yes, indeed," added grandma, "and he never 'just despises cocoa' or 'hates tapioca pudding.' Take pattern by little Lemuel, Algy darling; he never growls."

"He does growl," cried Algy, "every day he growls 'way down in his throat; and I should just think he would"

"Oh, no, he doesn't, Algy dear," said grandma. "You must be mistaken."

"How does he growl?" asked mother. "What does he say when he growls?"

"I don't know what he says, 'cause he talks so low and muttery," explained Algy, "but he always leaves the table growling, and I'm sure I don't blame him."

Next luncheon time, when Lemuel had neatly and expeditiously cleared his plate and was preparing to flit, not only Algy but mother and grandma also waited in breathless attention to hear Lemuel's "growl." The small boy slid out of his chair, and, while decorously pushing it back into place the three listeners did hear him whisper something. Mother and grandma looked at each other and flushed hotly, then both of them looked solemnly and reproachfully at Algy, who grew rosy-red; for what was it Lemuel had—slowly and reverently—murmured?

"I thank God for a good meal!"—Christian Register.

Wouldst thou be wretched? 'Tis an easy way;
Think but of self and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care—
All thou hast to do, or feel or bear.
Think of thy good, thy pleasure, or thy gain,
Think only of thyself—'twill not be vain.

Wouldst thou be happy? Take an easy way;
Think of those 'round thee—live for them all day,
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care;
All that they have to do, or feel or bear,
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those 'round thee—it will not be vain.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"What is life?" I asked a child,
Care free, happy all the day.
"What is life?" the child replied,
"Lady, life is play."

Next I turned to a maiden fair,
Sweet and lovely beyong measure,
"What is life?" I questioned her;
"Life," she murmured, "life is pleasure."

Turning to a soldier brave,
Like to those oft sung in story;
"Just a moment's time I crave,
"What is life?" "Why, life is glory."

Mother, toiling all the day
For the child whose radiant beauty
Brightens all the weary way—
"What is life?" "Ah, life is duty."

Father, sailing o'er the sea,
Where the angry waters foam,
"What is life?" I asked, and he
Quickly answered, "Life is home."

Then I whispered to my heart,
"What is life where'er we rove?"
Soft and sweet my heart replied:
"Life? Ah, life is only love!"

—Golden Age.

THE GOOD OF SORROW.

Great sorrows never leave us what we were before. Then none can pass under that hammer and remain the same. But even if we are left without chastisement something is daily passing from us, always passing, that something which comes with youth and hope and love. After a great baptism of sorrow we must be different; but what we should pray and strive for is that we may emerge from it better, richer, more faithful, more more helpful, more filled with a heartfelt delight in God's will, more able to make a true answer to God's surprises and wonders of love.

There are periods in life, years and years, when no great trouble visits us. Then the storms of sorrow fall, and we are apt to say, I have passed through and I may hope for an immunity for the future. It is not so. The troubles may come back, they may come back again worse. As has been said, our Pharaohs are seldom drowned in the Red Sea, and we do not often behold their corpses stretched upon the sand. The bitterness of death may return. What then? At the very worst the memory of the past will help us. We shall retrace the slow, difficult way to peace; our trust in God will be deepened, and we shall realize that, after all, the range of sins and sorrows is limited, though the sea of troubles may roll its white-crested billows as far as the horizion. What are truly numberless are God's mercies. What is truly infinite is God's love.—Robertson Nicoll.

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be a friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

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